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No. 10

SHADOWS.

BY FRANCES LAW.

When the children are bidden in the nursery,
And the swallows sleep in the eaves,
And the softness of evening surrounds
Aye to the sleeping leaves—
Then I open the inner chamber
A little while, and the world of day,
A little while, and the curtain
Whose my boldest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not shun me;
Cousins, who light my lamp at night;
And the echoes of voices sounding,
Aye to the sleeping leaves—
One shadow in cooler, deeper;
And my dimming eye grows wet.

For the image I gain on bended knee,
The angel that ill my youth;
With her hand of love and truth;
With her smile of gentlest care;
A little while side by side;
As when I grew up to manhood,
That I may always have a guide.

And danger it grows—how drear!
Till I watched it waste and fade;
My angel said as we parted,
"I will be with you still;
And when I am sick and weary
With the heat and dust of the day,
How I will comfort you, how I may—
Her words on she went away.

And I sit for a patient watch,
As I journey the way alone;
The shadow of the past follows me,
Of the hours where she is gone;
When the children are bidden in the nursery,
And the eyes of the world are closed,
The sweet wind is murmuring secrets
A part to the sleeping leaves.

THE LILY
OF
ST. ERNE.BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER'S SECRET."
"EMERITA LILY," NYC.

CHAPTER VI.

LUNCH was spread on a table drawn into one of the broad bay windows of the handsome drawing-room to which Mr. Penruan ushered his guest. The furniture of the apartment was not only faded and old-fashioned, but so worn and dilapidated with age that it was easier for the eye to discern the gloom than the gaiety of a younger gentleman. The only modern articles visible were a pretty little cottage piano, and an invalid's couch of Puritan make, fitted with every appliance for the use of the poor invalid in his service. Still, it would have been hard to note these discrepancies, for immediately on entering the room the eye was entranced by the glorious view the window commanded. In one direction, far and wide spread the Atlantic, bounded solely by the distant shores of Europe; in another, the bold curve of Mount's Bay, with St. Michael's Mount in the foreground, and, far away in the blue distance, the bold bruff of the Lizard.

At first, that intent admiration for Nature, which had grown upon Max Havertyng with all the force of a strong magnet, had not yet been uninterested. The young lady he had seen in the paddock had exchanged her skirt for a morning dress, and was sitting at the table, whiling away the time with a smile till Mr. Penruan appeared. It was not till the Squire pronounced her name that he looked up, and then her glance of comical surprise at his companion was amusing.

"Nelly, I have brought you a visitor: This is Mr. Havertyng, a cousin of mine, from America. You must help me make him stay at the Abbey a pleasant one. Mr. Havertyng, my daughter, Miss Eleanor Penruan."

As she was devoutly acknowledging the stranger's bow, the Squire glanced towards the couch, and abruptly asked, "Where is your mother? She is not well."

"Fan-fan has undergone another operation."

"The was grave!"

"And though the dear creature here it is with great fortitude, means suffice why she cannot stay with us; so never tried that she must not attempt any exertion for an hour or two."

"She is here."

"I don't know, sir. I was too hungry to stay and inquire. I have repeated my message word for word, and, this time, without additions of my own."

Mr. Penruan frowned, coughed, composed himself, and then before him ; recurred to Miss Penruan of old, and then, taking wine, that was the only beverage placed on the table; and at last, rising abruptly, excused himself on the plea of anxiety on his lady's account, and left the room.

"I hope, Mr. Penruan is not seriously indisposed," said Max, to the young lady, who was placidly eating her lunch with an excellent appetite.

"Oh, no! Don't make yourself uncomfortable. I am really ill, I should be too anxious to stay here. If I may add your, Mr. Havertyng, you will cultivate a taste for self-indulgence, for Mr. Penruan's wine has but one point in its flavor—it's extremely cheap."

"Thanks for the advice," said Max, lifting his glass from a carafe of the open port before him, and using the opportunity to steal a glance at his beautiful hostess. She detected him, however, and smiled so sweetly, that he was somewhat disconcerted.

"Why did you not tell me who you were when we met this morning?" she demanded.

"Was it in order to have me at a disadvantage, Mr. Havertyng?"

"Certainly not, Miss Penruan. You forget that it would not have been very complimentary to you to say 'I am your cousin,' just now, in the middle of a vagrant."

"But you are not my cousin, I am sure."

"In high time that I introduced myself to you under my right name. I am Eleanor Havertyng; and Mr. Penruan, although he is in some respects like his son, is not his son, but his master."

"What then, am I to call you?"

"If you wish to please me, you may use my real appellation; if you prefer hating the Squire's whims, you will know how to do it."

"Isn't this placing me in rather an awkward position?" asked Havertyng.

"My friends call me simply Max; if you would agree to do the same, I could extricate myself from any difficulty, by saying Cousin Eleanor."

The young lady looked up at him sharply, as if she perceived an impertinence in the proposal, but her scruples were not with such an unembarrassed mein, that she said, curtly, "I don't mind; anything is preferable to hearing that hateful Miss Penruan is in my care continually. And I suppose I ought to apologize for giving you a warning that appears wholly unnecessary."

"I did not know that you were aware of a welcome."

"Indeed, I apreciated your kind intentions; but, as I was aware, on the contrary; and the welcome of which you speak was much a study one, that it was not to be despised."

"My master evinced evident regret for his rudeness that induced me to accept it."

"You surprise me!" said Eleanor.

"M—r I ask what induced the Squire to do it."

"Treat me as odd d—l?" demanded Max.

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sharpest speeches than he left alone, or known that you were running those frightful risks! Perhaps Mrs. Peurman is not so well, and you wish to devote the morning to her?

"Don't play the hypocrite, Mr. Haverty!" cried Max, so crookedly that he stammered at her in amazement.

"I can do no more bring the charge of hypocrisy against me; for if there is anything I do, it is that."

"There is no one quite such a silly speech as that you make up! Come along as we go as I do, that matron's offensives are only imaginary ones!"

"I thought she looked exceedingly plump and rosy for an Israelite! Max rather reluctantly continued. "But I do not remember to have heard that he is heart-diseased, or—unless the books are deceived."

"Of course they are, but you may also have heard of people who begin by fancying that they are out of health, and if they can find a doctor, civil enough to humor them, are easily cured, and get well again in a few days. Mamma will tell you that she is a martyr to her nerves, but she can listen with compunction to what excites me almost to madness. She eats well, drinks well, sleeps soundly, and spends more time at her toilette than I do, and yet you never hear me talk about that complaint. I work, I work, I work! If I were not afraid of being found out!"

"Mr. Peurman seems to attach more importance to his wife's ailments than to his own," said Max, not realising the reason.

"He does not seem to notice it. He is in a state of such complainings, in a fright if she looks pale, and in agony every time she has hysterics, but she should never recover."

"And do you find faults with him for being a little bit infirm?" she was asked, rather indifferently.

She smiled a queer little smile.

"Oh, no; I dare say that if I were Mr. Peurman I should do as Mr. Peurman does, but I may not be permitted to wish that he had some compensation sense to second me in convincing ourselves that this is nothing the matter with her."

"Mr. Peurman gives me the impression of being a very shrewd man," said Max.

Eleanor snorted.

"So shrewd that he sometimes overreaches himself. But I wish you would not tempt me to talk to you so frankly, Mr. Haverty. You must be a very sympathetic sort of person, or my tongue would not have run with such freedom on that short acquaintance."

"It is the first time I ever received such a frank compliment," he answered, with a smile.

"Doubtless!" Eleanor echoed.

"Yes; to be sympathetic is not a masculine quality—is it? I thought it applied to the confidante, in white satin, of tragic comedies, or the close-knit female friends young ladies are so fond of telling their secrets to."

"I have no female friends—I might say no friends at all!" she replied quickly; "and as your sarcasm does not apply to me, but I wish to corroborate you, Mr. Haverty, I must say that there may be a girl friend, or two, who used to go into the Tom Havers of Eleanor Haydon's store."

"I have no female friends—I might say no friends at all!" she replied quickly; "and as your sarcasm does not apply to me, but I wish to corroborate you, Mr. Haverty, I must say that there may be a girl friend, or two, who used to go into the Tom Havers of Eleanor Haydon's store."

"How long since?"

"I believe it must be three years at least since it was so, and his death happened soon after his last visit."

"Why, then, were you confirmation strong that Max had remained rightfully, for Miss Letty must have been little more than a child at that time; and the words of widowhood she wore were either a disguise, or done for the sake of difference, to fit into the Tom Havers of Eleanor Haydon's store."

"Are you very much interested in this named master, Mr. Haverty?" was the inquiry with which his fair companion presently accosted him from his reverie.

His answering "Yes, sir" was spoken uncomplainingly, as though on Eleanor's lips. She looked as if her feminine curiosity would be satisfied if he were either a disguised, or disguised widow; but Max was evidently in no humor to question this.

"You shall not only have a thousand questions, but when Max reached the top of the stairs, he stopped, and lightly leaped down on the other side; but when Max reached the spot she had disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but a deep chasm, dark, and overgrown with ferns, like the mouth of some deep cavern."

A merry laugh from the vanishing maiden answered his anxious exclamation.

"Have you the courage to dive into the recesses of the earth, Mr. Haverty? Then, swim yourself down, by both hands; the terrors of the cavern will take care that you come to no harm."

As he hesitated, Max stepped, and, turning to the right, in obedience to the directions he received, he found himself in one of the most fantastic and capricious parts of the country with which the Englishman was having trouble at the spring that bubbled up into a rocky cleft, and where her clear voice was again heard, calling him by name, he saw that she had quitted the garden by a little gate in the wall, and was standing on the edge of the cliff, regarding his approach. As he drew near, she clung to the top of the cliff, and, looking down, and laid her head on his shoulder; but when Max reached the spot she had disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but a deep chasm, dark, and overgrown with ferns, like the mouth of some deep cavern."

"Do you know him?" What has he told you? What is he about now? Why hasn't he come back to us from the States?"

"Don't begin to bring accusations against me! I have some conception as to what I have done," retorted Max, not at all sorry to have turned the tables upon her.

"I'll answer your questions, if you please, when we get home again," he said, smiling.

Eleanor, who had been curiously watching him on a robe bench, arranging the ferns she had plucked, started up with glowing cheeks and dilated eyes, and began to look at and question Haverty distractingly.

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THE RANDON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 26, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGERS.

Black number of the SATURDAY EVENING Post to be exchanged, but not to be returned to Party republish any article in its columns, provided that due credit is given to the paper.

ECONOMIES AT HOME.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs.

It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or the parlor, his substance runs away almost insensibly; and the demon "Waste" cries "more," until there is no more provided to give.

It is the husband's duty to contribute as liberally as his means will allow towards the support of his family, and it is the wife's part to see that what comes into the house does not go out wantonly. The duty of a wife is not alone to give to her husband the wealth of her love, but to look after and assist in the management of his affairs; to educate his children for a proper education in life; and to study how to make a judicious disposition of his property. A husband's talents should claim the wife's care; and the highest estimation of his life should never fail beyond his happiness, or the welfare of his children.

No mere economy can this should stand her tool, and no mere property than for her womanly energies can exist than the house of her family, where she may contribute as much towards the accomplishment of a fortune, as he in his counting room or workshop. It is not the money earned, but what he saves, that makes a man wealthy.

Self-gratification in dress, over-indulgence of appetite, or recreations beyond the length of one's power, are equally pernicious and equally to be avoided. The first adds vastly to extravagance, the second adds ill-health to vanity, and the latter brings indolence, the worst of all in the category of evils.

THE FOLLY OF APPROPRIATION.

Appropriation is more prevalent than people choose to see. One woman will affect not to know the value of an article of dress; another is of more expensive taste so as to affect to take an interest in the affairs of her husband; regarding his expenses or failures with a mortified contempt of variance with the married relation.

Sometimes we meet a lady, who dotes it an accomplishment to affect ignorance. Should an expression of anything obvious or interesting be mentioned by another, she turns her head in lofty disdain, or affects to say, "I don't know anything about it, and I don't want to know." It is neither reasonable nor desirable to seek property among the fair sex, but it certainly is both amiable and desirable to find common sense among them; and the pride of ignorance, whether foolishness or not, must be regarded as a social blunder of the greatest import.

There is sometimes on the other hand an affection of superior wisdom, which is equally disengaging. Nothing is more significant of a vulgar mind than an indifference to provide one's knowledge on every occasion, and to avoid responsibility as a person of general information. If we are learned, the world will find it out without being continually reminded of the fact, and if we are not, the affection is nothing less than a falsehood.

Young men and young ladies just out of college are frequently made up after their matriculation with scientific and foreign languages, and with mathematical operations from obsolete books. Such things in matriculation may be learned, but the absolute knowledge of one's own language in terms and expressions that are neither appropriate nor intelligible, stamps the offending individual as one of superfluous conceit.

Women still in the affection of marital superiority. Nothing is more galling to the feelings of those to whom it is offered, and nothing more mortifying indicates the real inferiority of those by whom it is advanced.

To satisfy a man, to connect him that he

occupies an inferior station, that he stands below you in ability, rank, or fortune, is an insult which time cannot heal, nor kindness soften. An inferior is indeed entitled to superior attention, that even the fear of being slighted may not be entertained, and above all that he may be sufficiently at ease to mingle freely in conversation. True politeness consists in promoting the happiness of those about you, and any other action is proof of an uncivilized nature.

While affection in a woman is to the greatest degree objectifiable, in a man it is evidently unavoidable. Antisocial fashions, jealousies, individual animosities, whose lives are spent in studying the progress, joys and sorrows of life, and of death, who only represent the shadows and jewels, as the least means of impressing refined society, offer no claim to the title of men. You always consider themselves irresistible, and every genuine flip is so thoroughly a fool, that he cannot understand the ridicule of mankind when it is turned at him.

There is no objection to good dress. Every man, who is wise, owns it as a duty to the circle in which he moves, and to himself, to attire himself neatly and becomingly, and even tastefully, but to go beyond this is a monstrous absurdity. Fashion, if followed strictly, will lead us into extravagances, but no master has ever fashions cast in the streams of abundance, the full-fledged fog is always a bent's length ahead of her.

THANK YOU.

Simplicity is the soul of truth; and among the varied terms that fill the measure of our language, none are more replete with meaning, none more perfect in simplicity, none more touching in sincerity, than the simple phrase "I thank you." It is the flower of the heart's perfect feeling, the essence of the light that livens in the soul.

Gentitude does not belong alone to great things, but is born alike of magnanimous deeds and the smallest actions within the scope of human achievement. "Poor Carlotto, my poor Carlotto," are wonderful words, yet they are immortal, as exhibiting the emotion of the dying prisoner, Blasius of Hasparau, who, when near death, and his gloomy fate failing away, thought most of her, who had been true to him. The same spirit, though it lie, poisons the heart of the poor lady or gentleman, who has been deceived, or suffered a wrong.

It is a duty just as transcendent to say "I thank you," for a soul proffered to a master, as to express gratitude for the donation of a large sum of money; and yet, how many fail to recognize the new-sacrifice of a distinction!

One sees on the streets of all large cities daily ladies attired in gorgeous apparel, and magnificently every evidence of wealth and refinement, whom every movement is grace, and whose every expression is elegance, and who, nevertheless, do not seem to comprehend the universal character of gratitude; that the ragged gamin is as much entitled to a kind word and a smile as the prince of the realm; that the flower of the dross of her day, carriage, or the country gentleman for assisting her to slight.

If one cannot afford a more substantial recognition of a kindness, it is at least within his means to say, "Thank you."

We sometimes meet some whose deportment at home reveals every species of accomplished politeness, the charm of whose presence is in itself a luxury. The same individuals, regarded in the dining room of a hotel, would tend to impress a spectator with the thought that society was meeting in its haunts a crew of laughable scurvy and bumptious brutes.

A source is expected to lose her self-possession.

THEIR SOARS ARE VERY PROPERLY NAMED CIRCUMSTANCES.

OPPONENTS speaking is successfully taught in institutions for the deaf and dumb.

TRANSLATE GALE.—The recent wind blew the whole of Chestnut street in this city! It also lifted my Walnut street.

The Centennial is thronged, and there is a great deal of traffic, especially in the women's parades.

ATROCIOUS BELL GALE is to be blown up in a week, not a single paper editor has yet been named after it.

ALL RHODE ISLAND is coming to the Centennial; a Pullman car has been engaged for the occasion.

INDIRECTS are very oblique in arresting the attention of those whom there is enough to divide handily.

HOW TO LIVE TO PROVIDE AGAINST THE APPROXIMATE INCOME. Present housewives are already laying in their winter stores.

A SORELY OLD geman who offend a blooming young maiden, was properly set back when she exclaimed, "I don't like your old geman dress!"

WAS a strange step on the part of a red-headed woman, she doesn't make any noise just then, but after she gets home will think an earthquake is going on.

—Friend, sister, sir, —Whom want—like me? —It's for you to say.

—So you're a man—so's I—so's I—

—I don't get married—nothing—nothing—

—I can't drink—nothing—nothing—

—I'll go to the dance, and never I have seen no one—like—myself.

A man constituting a fine double-faced gen-

eral occupies an inferior station, that he stands below you in ability, rank, or fortune, is an insult which time cannot heal, nor kindness soften. An inferior is indeed entitled to superior attention, that even the fear of being slighted may not be entertained, and above all that he may be sufficiently at ease to mingle freely in conversation. True politeness consists in promoting the happiness of those about you, and any other action is proof of an uncivilized nature.

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WEAR.

BY JAMES ALBERT POWELL.

0. Memory, wakes thy passions, and living to me.
Frantic fits of song from my childhood no longer.
You, teach in my heart thy harping, and sing to me.
Break all thy music to compose, and cling to me.
Even the tides of the dark or the light,
For I'm weary to-night.

1. Love, comes and opens a tide, new and clear,
To me.
Friends of song from my childhood no longer.
Kindly warmth of a heart that is close to me.
Stay but the measure of years in their flight,
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEWS NOTES.

VON MOLTKE is seventy-seven. China is to have an illustrated newspaper.

GEORGE SMITH, the noted Asyrian expert, is dead.

The yellow fever continues to rage alarmingly in Savannah, Ga.

Last year the sum of \$350,000 was raised in London by the dog tax.

DON PRUDHOE recently attended a Congress of Orientalists in St. Petersburg.

The Mikado of Japan will visit Europe and the French Exhibition in 1891.

J. MERRIT READ, United States Charge d'affaires at Athens, is in Paris.

Boston's oldest inhabitant is ninety-five. He could tell something about great storms.

There are now 3,000 children in Japan receiving instruction in the English language.

ST. LOUIS French inhabitants are considering the erection of a monument to Lafayette.

MR. GEORGE W. WURTS, Secretary of the United States Legation at Rome, is in New York.

A Man in San Joaquin county, California, has won \$60,000 this year from eight sets of blackberries.

The sentence of Jessie Pomroy, the Boston boy murderer, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

A PAPER by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East," has been issued.

THURLOW WELD receives a pension of \$600 a year, which he gives to Capt. Lehrbach, the Centenarian veteran.

The Prince Imperial of the Napoleon dynasty, will spend November in St. Petersburg by invitation of the Czar.

Prof. HUTCHINSON has confirmed his discovery of transported boulders upon the mass of Mount Washington.

REV. GEORGE B. BACON, son of Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, died of consumption at Orange, N. J., on the 14th inst.

ELIJAH MURKIN, a colored man in British Columbia, is on the list of persons to be knighted by Queen Victoria.

MAZON, Georgia, had an earthquake shock the other day, which lasted a few seconds and was felt by a large number of persons.

The entire coffee crop of the world last year was 900,000,000 pounds, of which the United States imported over 300,000,000 pounds.

A LARGE meeting was held in Rockdale, England, on the night of the 4th inst., to protest against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria.

A VENDETTA, now in Egypt, writes to a friend in Richmond that the Executive intends to dispose with the services of all his American officers.

The Prince of Montesquieu is thirty-four years of age, six feet, four inches in height, and is acknowledged to be the strongest and most muscular man in his dominions.

AL. WARREN (Mass.) gentleman has in his possession the first silver-plated service ever seen in this country. It was presented to John Hancock by the Colonial Legislature in 1794.

Mr. GLADSTONE is devoting himself to literature and social reforms. Here he is that the world will come when there will be no such thing in England as a cottage without a garden.

CHARLES DAVIES, L. L. D., widely known as the author of a popular series of mathematical text books, died on the 17th, at Fishkill Landing, the Hudson, at the age of 78 years.

The National Liverpool Lifeboat Association gave several interesting reminiscences of former days in the market. Mr. Curtis then said that the visitors were invited to sit for a photograph.

REHABILITATION'S health is better, but he has been obliged to renounce all work and avoid all excitement. He receives neither letters nor telegrams—all pass into the hands of his family or official associates.

Mr. J. H. RIPPON, the well known English violinist and author, having been appointed to the University of Virginia, having been appointed to an honorable position among the corps of instructors of that institution.

The winner of the Prix de Rome this year is M. Wenzel, a pupil of the painter Gericault; another of M. Gerome's pupils has also carried off the first prize in sculpture, a double triumph said to be unprecedented.

DUKE AND DUCHESSE cost about three cents a pound in Serbia, a turkey fetches a shilling, and a pair of fowls may be had for six cents, and a draught on only costs from \$10 to \$12. The Duke and Duchess are similarly dressed but bad.

VARIA. Journals announce that the famous Gainsborough painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was stolen from a London gallery, has been found in the possession of a man just convicted of fraud in Vienna. The reward of £1000 offered for the recovery of the picture is claimed by Vienna authorities.

DANIEL WEBSTER made his first speech before a June 1st session which was really an armistice against capital punishment—in the court house of Grafton county, N. H. Like nearly all old buildings in this country which have any historical value, it is condemned to be torn down; efforts, however, are making to save it.

The Executive Committee appointed at the Saratoga meeting in July 1st, have made arrangements for holding a Mass Convention of officers and representatives of the banks of the United States, at Philadelphia, October 3d, 4th and 5th, 1876, for the purpose of discussing matters of importance to the banking interests of the country, and to complete the organization of the "American Bankers' Association."

The Prince of Salms-Salm is about to marry an English woman, a daughter of the late Prince of Salms-Salm. The Princess was originally Miss Agnes Lorchen, of Baltimore, who, in 1862 married Prince Felix Salms-Salm, then a brigadier in the Union army, and afterward an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Maximilian, of Mexico. Prince Felix, ruined through her efforts in his passion for the French army, fell gallantly fighting at Vicksburg.

TRANSCRIPTS from a military account book used during the Revolutionary war have been published at Nashville, Tenn. Among the entries are the following: I have rec'd. \$17; I pair silk stockings, \$50; I acoust coat, \$50; I white jacket, \$50; I blue waistcoat, \$50; I pair silk shirt, \$50; I nightgown, \$50; I pajamas, \$50; I pair leather breeches, \$50; I jacket and breeches, \$75; I wagon and team, \$15,000.

6. PRETTY WORLD!

BY CHARLES E. LARKEE.

On that bright day my Love loved me! The roses gave their flowers for my Lover's hair, Gave him his love and dove-like eyes, To know I loved, even matched That I would love her till she died, And that I would live in her being To know we were each other living. We lived through till it all. Because those were so beautiful!

O pretty world, I come to thee, O world, I come to thee, sleeping—well, Where all is darkness, deep and still, The world is still, the world is still, The pastured youth's great rainbow wings—

Then give not of thy vast world now, The world is still, the world is still, Chained thus change me to thy tree—

Live with me, though dark, with fair and bright? Because my Love took all thy light?

THE SALT PETRE CAVE—A DETECTIVE STORY.

BY WILLIAM E. PAINE.

CHAPTER I.

"Twelve thousand dollars you say, sir? a large amount to lose, truly, and this Miller—the suspected thief—where is he now?"

"At Louis Prouts hard at work—but Mr. Ferrett, he is not the man."

"You say you will give \$5,000 for the recovery of the money and the detection of the thief?"

"Well, and besides will defray all outside expense necessary to the unraveling of the mystery. As you are aware, I am the wealthiest stock broker in Illinois, and the loss of a sum is a mere nothing to me."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



LITTLE ETHEL'S WORK.

Old Godfrey Harland, with the gray hair pushed back from his broad, time-marked brow, his keen eyes blazing with a fierce light, stood and watched the flames curl about the tiny white paper, and muttered: "I know you when you turned from me, that from that hour I discovered you. So shall it be."

She had written for money. She asked it for herself and child, and begged him now that she was widowed and alone, to come to her, to tell her what she was to do.

"I am starving-dying," she said.

But he, hard-hearted old man, smiled bitterly, and thought of Arthur Linden and the terrible oath he had taken on that night so long ago when she gave up her heart clinging to her young husband with all her woman's strength and love.

He looked around him. The warmth, the rich light, the perfect elegance painted his face.

"Father, I am starving-dying," seemed to ring in his ears; and it was all in vain that he smiled, and put on a hard, cold expression, and let the lines about his mouth come out sharp and clear. He could not forget the sweet face which had so many years been the light of his life, and the tender hands that ministered to his wants. He seemed to see her beside him, the golden hair shading a pale young face, her great blue eyes, so like her dead mother, ever set upon his own. Sweet Ruth.

He sought to find a weaker place in his heart for her; but the great wrong she had done rose up and trampled down every thought of kindness, and bringing his hand down upon the table, making the sparkling glass and silver dance like things of life, he said: "Arthur Linden, I will take this little path, and now let her follow it. Not one penny of my money shall go to feed her."

And there the old man sat, wrapping his mantle of bitterness around him, until the fire shouldered down to a heap of ashes, as cold and gray as the heart of death.

"Mamma, won't my grandpa come to us?"

"My darling, I fear not. It is over a week since I wrote to him. He lives over poor and lonely we were, and I have heard nothing. Darling, heaven alone knows what we are to do. May Providence watch over and protect you when I am gone."

The child drew close beside her, and wept as she slept. Her lips closed together, and listened to the short breath and saw the blue eyes fading, and wondered if it would make her well, this "going away" of which she spoke.

"He is a naughty, bad grandpa, isn't he? Come, let me tell him myself for some-thing!"

"By-and-by, when I am gone. Perhaps he would pity you, and let you live with him."

Littel Ruth's eyes grew bright and wise, as she shot her lips close together, and watched for her mother to sleep. She had not long to wait; for Mrs. Linden had sat up nearly all the previous night, coughing, and suffering from the intense pain; it seemed, and almost as soon as the chatter of her little daughter ceased, the spark to sleep.

Down from a nail in the corner came a little hat, and, not waiting for her cloak, she ran out.

Grandpa lived somewhere near; for whom she had no, and so she could find him if she tried. She took her coat and hat, and crossed the creek, and looked all around for a house that looked like "grandpa's," but she could not see one.

After a while, she grew tired, and sat down upon a doorstep; but those were boys playing a little further down, and she was so, so she went to sleep. She had a very, very bad dream, with great lions on either side, and, as she looked at them, they seemed so large and real that she was afraid they would jump at her, and eat her up. She began to cry, and thought her heart must break, to think that they would, if they were as hungry as she was.

Presently she began to think of mamma and grandpa. Dear cas! what could she do? Well, she must begin at once, for it was getting quite dark. She looked frightened and bewildered, and, at all once, the tears came into her blue eyes. It would be awful if her grandpa died during her absence, and go away, and she could not find grandpa after all.

"You must not sit on the steps!" called a loud, smart voice at the door; and little Ruth looked back.

"Run right away, unless you want to see me!"

"I do. I won't see my grandpa."

"Well, we don't live here. What is your grandpa's name?"

"Grandpa—Harland. Yes, Grandpa Harland, that's his name."

"Why, Mr. Harland owns this very house," said the boy. "But I don't believe he is your grandpa. He had a daughter once, but she ran away with a good-for-nothing. I think she is still in New England or Central America. The West Indies and Australia, so a preventive and remedy for malignant disorders, and for many other maladies to the relief of which it is of great service. It has been used in the treatment of American diseases, particularly in the most popular remedy on the continent for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, nervousness, urinary and venereal complaints, gout, rheumatism, intermittent fever, &c. It has also been used in many diseases of the skin, &c., &c. It is a powerful medicine, and has been recommended by the most eminent physicians of Europe and America. We have the best article made by Dr. J. C. Ayer, to whom his majesty was especially gratified in acknowledgment of what his remedies are reported to have done for the suffering sick. It was recommended by the Doctor in the City of Boston as a powerful medicine for speaking cure of the various ills of Solomon and Jerome (M.D.)'s.

For weeks I lay between life and death, and at last recovered from the terrible truth. Arthur had come, and the silvery laugh I heard on the stairs was his wife's. It seemed all a dream. The physician's order was to drink water, and just as she was trying to get a glass to her husband, a groan voice called out: "Hark! What are you doing?"

"I think he is my grandpa."

"Well, come in here. Mr. Harland is having his supper, and you can't see him until he is done."

She opened the library door, and Ruth sat very quietly upon a stool near the fire.

"I think you are happy," said the girl, who seemed rather kind-hearted.

"Yes, I think so," said Ruth.

So the girl brought a large sandwich, and Ruth took it, and wished mamma could have some. She resolved to put a piece in her pocket, since she gave her the rest when she had just as she was trying to get a glass to her husband, a groan voice called out: "Hark! What are you doing?"

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I heard from Arthur often—so letters every line in stamped upon my heart. His passed, and then he wrote his parents that he was coming home, and would bring his bride. What a message! I thought there must be some mistake; I could not believe it. But when I saw the marriage in the paper which Minnie handed me, I knew it was all too true.

It was a terrible voice, and so frightened little Ruth, that she turned round with her eyes full of tears.

"What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing! I only wanted to take a place to my mamma, she soon said; for Ruth was a dear like her grandpa, quite brave and free."

"Your mamma! Well, who is she?"

"She is my mother, sir; and you're my grandpa, I guess."

Mr. Godfrey Harland paused, looked at

the thin little figure, the pinched, hungry face, and the blue eyes.

"What is your name, child?" he asked, the gruff voice growing soft and low.

"Ethel, and so it is mamma's. My mamma is very poor and ill, and very, very hungry. The maid gave me a piece, a big bite, a big swallow, and then held up the sandwich,—and so I thought it would take part of it to her."

"Did your mother send you here?"

"No. She was asleep when I came. She told me that she would not be alone with me, and when she was gone, she sent me to come to you. But she isn't gone yet."

Godfrey Harland rang the bell; and when a footman appeared, he said, "Order my carriage."

In while he was waiting, he took the strange little form upon his knee, and talked to her, asking her many questions, all of which little Ethel answered.

"The carriage is ready, sir," said the footman.

"Here and there."

be: the terrible truth came back to me two-fold.

I was so much better, the physician said I might go down stairs the next day; but that night I got some one to take my trunk away when everything was still; and stealing down the stairs, for a moment I looked through the half-opened door, and saw Arthur at the door, holding a glass—a sweet, childish face, with some hair—Arthur's wife; and then I went out with the world.

I went many miles off, and I have never seen Arthur since. They all understood me very well, and I have given him years and, trust me, we shall be more given any given in marriage.

HERE AND THERE.

Head to heart—bathed eggs.

ROLLS OF CHAMOMILE—LAVENDER KISSES.

A pale of slippertown to have fruit of tea.

When they smell the camomile.

A Mr. Louis can six miles after his nose, thinking he was going to a fire.

The carriage is ready, sir," said the footman.

"The carriage is ready, sir," said the footman.

It was a very short distance to the house where Ethel's mamma lived; and Ethel was out of the carriage and in the little room in a moment after they passed.

"Is that you, darling?" called her mother.

"Yes, mamma. Where is the candle?"

"Oh, yes, I have got it. Here, grandpa, and by the time the dim light shone through the room, a gray-haired old man stood looking down at the pale, wasted face of Ethel's mamma.

"Father! Father!"

"My child! Thank heaven, I am not too late!"

Ethel was called to bring the shawl and help her mamma; and before she clearly understood it all that had happened, she had given the light of her eyes to the old man, and was about to run back to the carriage.

Mr. Linden grew strong and well; and Godfrey Harland forgave her for the little daughter's sake, and all were happy and thankful forever after.

SEVERED.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE.

I am old now. Threads of silver are sprinkled on the hair, and the nose has long since passed away, leaving but the faded lily. Now I have been looking over old letters to-day, and I did not think they could make a harsh act which I had thought dead. On those letters, how they bring back the old days, the old love! I put them one by one away, and unfolded a yellow, time-worn paper and read:

"Married, at Geneva, Arthur Lee and Mand Gray."

That was years ago. I read it over and over again, and I could not bear to look at it again. Let me tell you my story.

At the age of sixteen I was left an orphan, penniless, and alone in the world, without a friend.

My education had not been neglected, but for this reason I did not know what to do with myself.

Nothing could have pleased me better; and the family in which I established myself was a very pleasant one. Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mina, and Mand Gray, and Carlotta, the young, younger, were away, as I had been.

I had a pleasant home for two years. Then Arthur returned, and everything changed. From the first time I saw him I felt a dread of being in his society; why, I cannot tell, unless it was I knew he did not care for me.

He was a good man, but of course he did not care for me.

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